



a Little Golden Book

312-03



The Whispering Rabbit



By Margaret Wise Brown
Illustrated by Cyndy Szekeres



Once there was a sleepy little rabbit who began to yawn—

And he yawned and he yawned and he yawned,
and he yawned.

"Hmmm——"

He opened his little rabbit mouth when he yawned
till you could see his white front teeth and his little
round pink mouth, and he yawned and he yawned until
suddenly a bee flew into his mouth and he swallowed
the bee!



"Hooo— hooo—" said a big round owl. "Always keep your paw in front of your mouth when you yawn," hooted the owl.

"Rabbits never do that," said the sleepy little rabbit. "Silly rabbits!" said the owl, and he flew away.



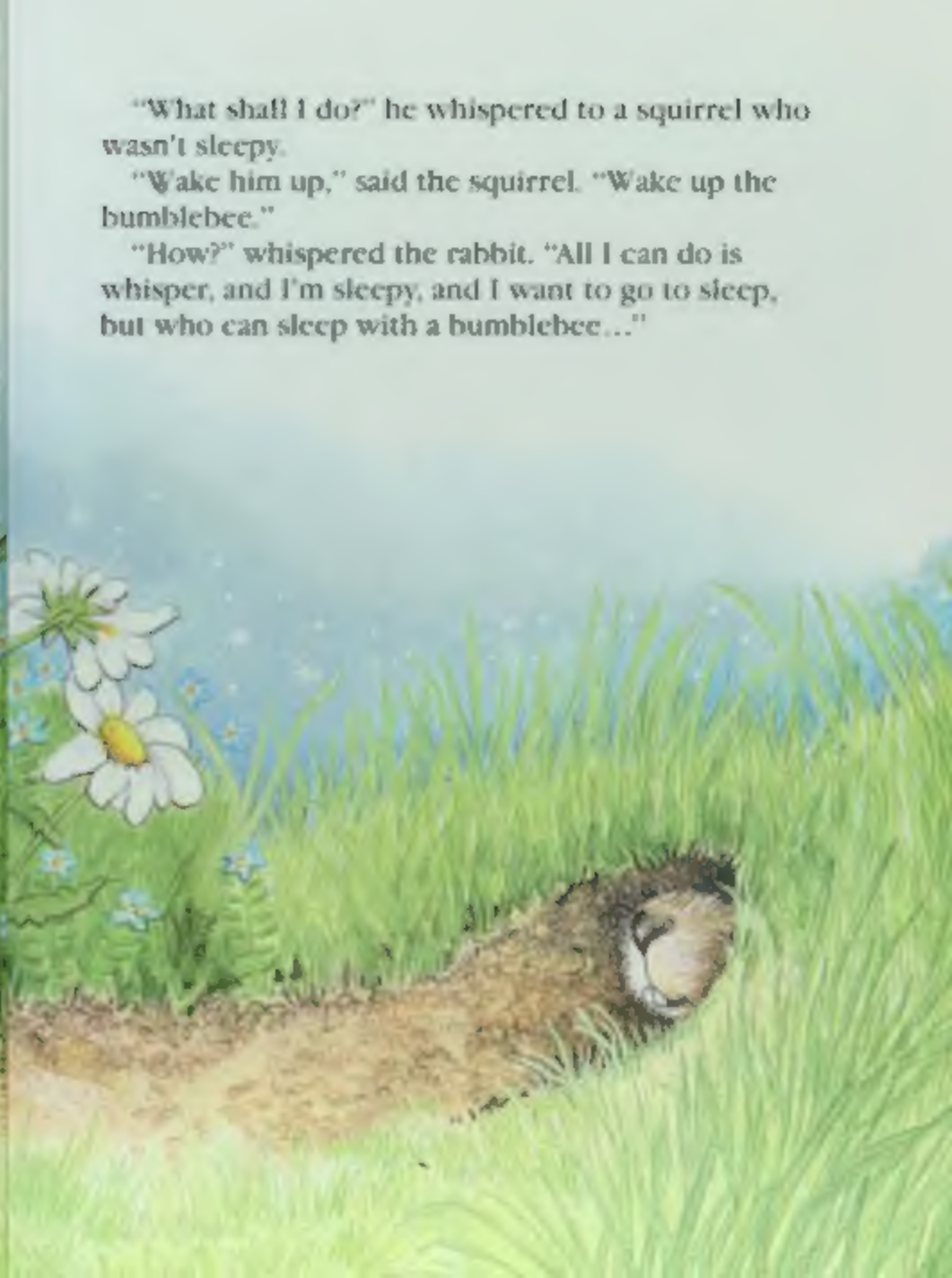
The little rabbit wanted to call after the owl. He opened his mouth to speak, but the bumblebee was curled up, asleep in his throat, and all the little rabbit could do was whisper.



"What shall I do?" he whispered to a squirrel who wasn't sleepy.

"Wake him up," said the squirrel. "Wake up the bumblebee."

"How?" whispered the rabbit. "All I can do is whisper, and I'm sleepy, and I want to go to sleep, but who can sleep with a bumblebee..."



Suddenly a wise old groundhog popped up out of the ground.

"All I can do is whisper," said the little rabbit.

"All the better," said the groundhog. "Come here, little rabbit," he said, "and I will whisper to you how to wake up a bumblebee.



"You have to make the littlest noise that you can possibly make, because a bumblebee doesn't bother about big noises. He is a very little bee, and he is only interested in little noises."

"Like a loud whisper?" asked the rabbit.

"Too loud," said the groundhog, and he popped back into his hole.



"A little noise," whispered the rabbit, and he started making little rabbit noises. He made a noise as quiet as the sound of a bird's wing cutting the air, but the bee didn't wake up.

So the little rabbit made the sound of snow falling, but the bee didn't wake up.



So the little rabbit made the sound
of a bug breathing



and grass rustling



and a fire fighter thinking.

and a fly sneezing



Still the bee did not wake up.

So the rabbit sat and thought of all the little sounds
he could think of.
What could they be?



A sound quiet as snow melting.



quiet as a flower growing.



quiet as an egg resting in its shell, quiet as—



And suddenly he knew the little noise that he would
make—and he made it.



It was like a little click made hundreds of miles away
by a humblebee in an apple tree in full bloom on a
mountaintop. It was the very small click of a bee
swallowing some honey from an apple blossom.

And at that the bee woke up!
He thought he was missing something,
and away he flew.





And then what did the little rabbit do? That sleepy,
sleepy little rabbit?

He closed his mouth,
he closed his eyes,
he closed his ears,
and he tucked in his paws
and twitched his nose,
and he went sound asleep!





LITTLE GOLDEN BOOKS

Children have loved
LITTLE GOLDEN BOOKS for over 50 years.

They have written their names
inside each front cover and pored
over the colorful pictures. Parents
have shared Golden Moments
with their children, reading such
classics as *The Poky Little Puppy*.
Thanks to the happy hours spent
with the books, many children have
developed a lifelong love of reading.

Over one billion LITTLE GOLDEN BOOKS
have reached the hands of children.

We salute the talented authors
and artists who create the books—
and also the readers, young and old,
who have enjoyed the picture books
with the famous gold-foil binding.



0 33500 71300 2